

3 poems

Brendon Main



white smudge



pin



sweet goodbyes



NUGGETs

White Smudge

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The sage is lit, and
we are told in solemn
tones of its significance
It is fanned and begins
its passage amongst us
I have been touched

by rituals before, and have loved them
for their pomp and mystery.

They have thrilled me with
wonder; have filled me
with delight.
But my eyes are deader
now, and I have left
these things behind.

I am not atheist by choice
Whether or not the earth speaks
I am deaf, and my skin
is day to all songs
sung to me

Here my whiteness is
made plain, and I
am cultureless,
but for a history
best left unspoken.
I am the doubter

here, the blemish-mark. I am
a smudge upon this ceremony,
yet I pretend, and

for a moment, my scruples
blur: I wonder if
I will be healed,
or purified,
or deansed. But afterwards,
I only wonder

why I didn't abstain.
I curse myself for having been involved,
and make a note to bathe
when I get home, to wash away
the stink of smoke.



Pines

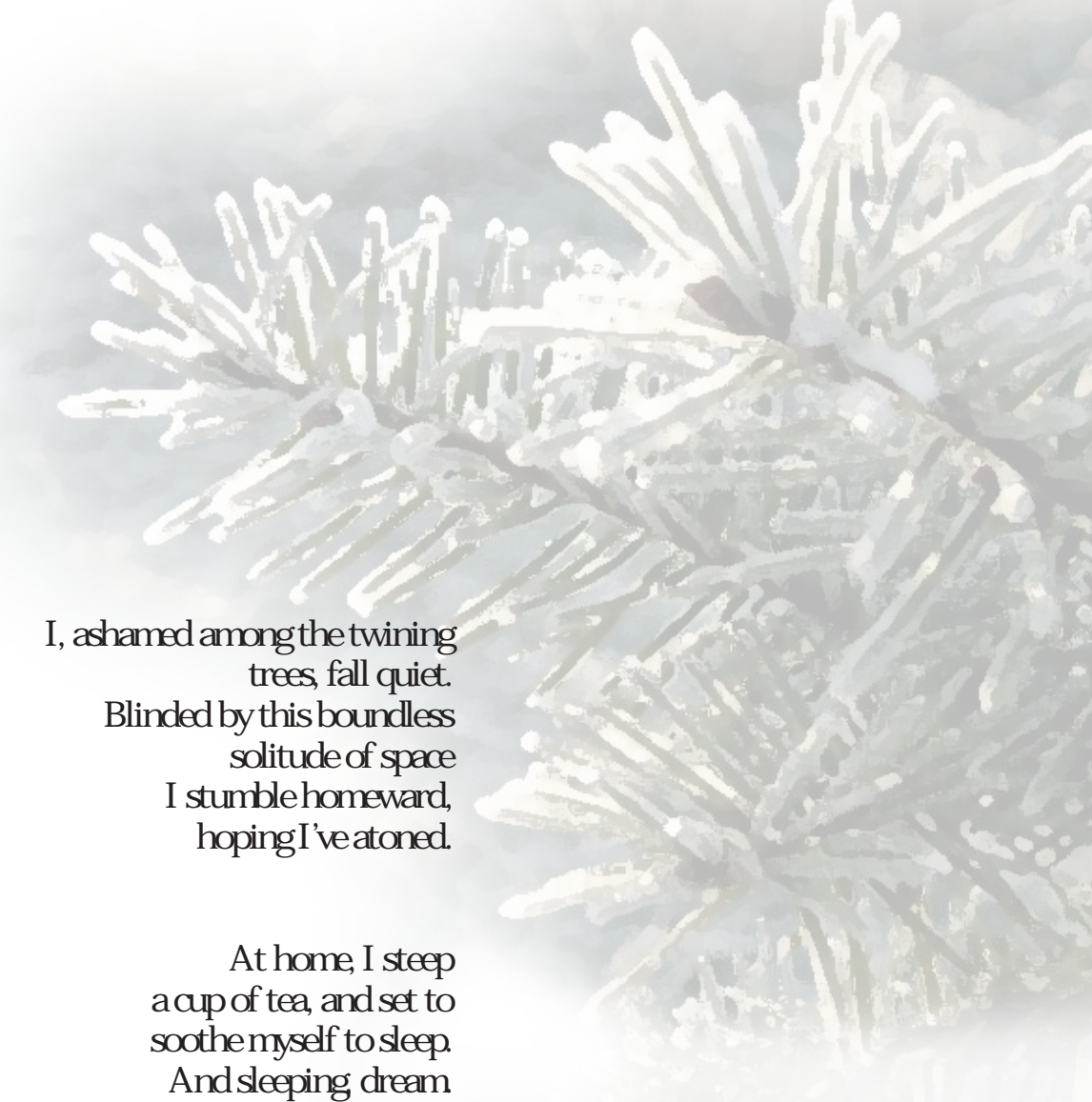
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The hush of winding
wind caressing pines
outlines the silence.
Left to me and mine,
alone upon this makeshift isle,
I fumble to confess
myself to you,
despite your absence.

The quiet sibilance of thrush
alighting pausing
taking flight, reminds me
of that evening-
dappled, dimming light,
a portrait done
in blue and violet.

I, ashamed among the twining
trees, fall quiet.
Blinded by this boundless
solitude of space
I stumble homeward,
hoping I've atoned.

At home, I steep
a cup of tea, and set to
soothe myself to sleep.
And sleeping dream
And dreaming wake
And waking
find myself alone





Sweet Goodbyes

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My vegetables don't keep.

They bloat and leak,
right there on the sill.

I don't know how plausible
it is that they spoil to spite me,
but it seems so.

Colleen finds it amusing
she being the Queen of Greens,
for whom all vines twine in
reverence.

She laughs as I glare, cross
at my latest batch of seeping
zucchini,
sending each hurtling towards
the garbage
with a ginger nudge.

~

It may be significant
that rot is sweet:

The rank syrup of
a mouldy apple

The sharp scent
of fresh-turned mulch.

The wild grin
of an old wound
long gone grey.

~

No flowers grow
from my grandfather's grave

It's the same bare
scab of earth, as empty
as it was when
he was buried.

I remember the coffin
lowering the men starting
with their shovels, my
stomach lurching

It seemed perverse
to leave him there to
decay, to desiccate,
to disappear.

I am the son of a farmer's
daughter,
born a generation late.
I am city-boy stupid,
the empty promise of salted soil.

Now nothing marks his passing
but I can't complain.

I never bring him anything



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Brendon Main

Brendan Main is so deep in his graduate work in English Literature at Trent University that he only surfaced long enough to send the essay enclosed. His work is featured in the January and later issues of NUGGETs.

